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ONLY A WAIF OF THE STREETS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

"Only a waif of the streets!"
The words fell heavy as lead
From the lips of a lady, lovely and proud,
Whosought her skirts, as she passed in the crowd,
From the touch of a child in rags and soil.
"A beauty, indeed, for the morning toil!
My mother and me from starving to keep!"

Perchance the waif was but a "Dora"!
Who knows?—so many are so!
But, lady, if you had starved and a-sock
At the poor pale one whom your words had struck
With a pang like a dagger's,

Your heart must have melted, if not of stone—
Which perhaps it is—at that sight alone.
She stood on the curb in her rags,
Barefooted, and broom in hand,
But the dirty face was fully adorned
By the red wide eyes that filled and streamed,
And the tangled hair that clustered down
And the white pinched lips were quivering too,
And her bosom heaved, but you never knew:

You never knew, or dreamed,
That perhaps a breaking heart
Had received from you, in your thoughtless scorn,
The blow which had coldly torn
Its last poor string apart.
Never thought of it, might or day,
When you dance and sing, or when you pray.

"Only a waif of the streets!"
Ah! you of power and place,
If you hurl mine your petty slurs
Down from your pinnacles palms,
Do it with pitying grace.
Not with a word that may stab with its spleen—
Not with a scorn that may scathe unseen;

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE HIDDEN HOARD," "THE DEAD BEACH," "THE CLIFF-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HERBERT'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN APPEAL FROM BANTAM.

The person supposed himself at Hawley's mercy, but the latter was merciful.

The first blow instantly disposed, he transferred into the apartment, rather than entered, which was his extreme weakness and exhaustion.

His frame was thin to gauntness, his constitution calamitous, his very voice shaken, his eyes sunken, and he would suspect that of a man who has passed through a long and dreadful illness.

He was in fact, so greatly and terribly changed that Hawley did not at first recognize him.

His hands were cut and bleeding, as were his cheeks and temples; his scarce shred and bawbered: his manner wild and scared. His teeth chattered violently as he tried to shiver. He was yet to the skin, and nearly perished. He caught his breath sharply and bodingly.

It was evident at a glance that he was fresh from some terrible struggle—some imminent deadly peril.

"Oh, I am so cold and faint!" he panted.

"It's Bantam!" cried Dongal, in astonishment.

Then danger must be near us," said our hero, quickly, and with decision.

Dongal hastened to the wounded man, while Hawley proceeded to undress the sufferer and place him in bed, covering him with furs.

"We have no fire to-day," he said. "Our fuel is so limited that we are compelled to save it for cooking. But you will soon get warm."

"Yes, yes," chattered Bantam. "It is like heaven here. How warm and kind!" No cold, no wind, no snow! Was not that Dongal who spoke?"

"It was. He has to see if any of the crew were with you."

"Not one of them is with me. I have come here alone. I recognized Dongal the day you escaped with the boats. I have known all the while that he was not burned with the *Dover*. You saved him, I suppose?"

"I did. I was on the *Dover* when your two men came off to set it afire."

"And who are you? Have you any objection to telling me?"

"Not the least in the world. My name is Hawley. I belong in New York. I came out here as the first officer of the ship Chilton, an Australian clipper which called here for fresh water. I was assaulted by some mysterious madman, or by some disguised ruffian—I am uncertain which—was carried off into the interior of the island while engaged in search of water, and, upon my return, supposed that I had slipped and fallen over the cliffs into the sea. They accordingly sailed away without me."

"And so you happened to be here to come to Dongal's rescue? I understand. But who is that other man?"

"He is an unfortunate sailor who was shipwrecked here several years ago. His recollection is gone, and he has forgotten his name. Has it not been also to learn full particulars about him?"

"There are only three of you here?"

"That's all."

"And yet what a house you have made for yourselves!" said Bantam, as he looked around sdelingly. "Oh! if we had only been provided ourselves with such quarters as this! What a nice bath that is! You talk of cooking, too. I suppose you have enough to eat!"

"We have a fair supply of provisions. We have provided a small deal of trouble to what we eat—for want of more important duties."

"And you keep as warm as toast."

"That is another point to which especial attention has been given, as was necessary. We have had hung quite a store of furs made into garments and robes."

"And these will content me." And the eyes of Bantam fairly flamed in their sockets as he looked around him again rapidly around the interior of the boat dwelling. "You are living here like nabobs—like kings!"

"We get along very comfortably indeed, considering everything."

"Can you give me something to eat?"

"Certainly. We had stewed duck to-day, which boiled down in it—to treat we allow ourselves only once or twice a week. Will you have some?"

"Oh, don't ask me! The question is torture.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

THE SHIP PETREL CHASED BY A PIRATE.

My mouth is watering. I'm nearly starved. I can eat and eat and eat, and never get enough."

"Then I will give you a reasonable allowance of our stores at present."

Bantam nearly held his breath, and his eyes followed every movement of our hero, as he proceeded to serve up the promised dainty.

He had a bowl of duck, a dish of fish, and a small loaf or three sensibilities, and successively:

"I've not had a morsel of anything since yesterday morning."

Then you must eat more slowly now," repeated Will, "and you must not ask me for any more. As you can well comprehend, every mouthful of such a store as that is a treasure, in our present circumstances and unwarrantingly."

"It's better than gold. You saved the rice from the wreck of the *Dover*?"

"We did, or rather we emptied it with the boats, after you had saved it from the *Dover*. Our supply is very limited indeed, and wanes it sparingly."

"I can well believe it. I've never tasted anything so good—never!"

He began to eat more slowly, to make the savory mouthfuls last the longer.

A moment later Dongal returned from his tony of observation.

"Bantam, I've come here with him," he reported, "nor can I comprehend how he reached here. There is no boat, no raft, not so much as a plank visible."

"Indeed! This is singular," said Hawley. Bantam continued to eat, without raising his eyes from the pan in which the stew had been served to him.

The wind has gone down and the snow has ceased, and the sea is calm. The current has cleared up all around the island. We could have left the *Dorcas* again."

"Indeed! Do you see anything of the crew?"

"Yes. They have turned out in force at the foot of Cape Cumberland, and are all looking in this direction and showing great excitement."

"And how about the ice between us and them?"

"It has been broken up by the waves, and is driven by the current. The channel between us and the Cape is nearly as wide as ever."

Bantam had now licked his wooden spoon and his pan, and was ready to take part in the conversation.

"You wonder how I came here," he said. "I came here on a cake of ice."

"The circumstance is ridiculous, even the very idea!"

"It's even so," protested Bantam. "You never very well that we have no lies. I did not intend to come, of course, in the storm and wind that we have had since we left you through an infernal accident.

"An accident?" repeated Will, still incredulous. "Explain!"

"I suppose that we are in a desperate situation," said Bantam, in a tone of deep dejection, "and that all those others are more or less fearful myself have little hope of deliverance for several weeks with a fever. We didn't prepare, you see for such an infernal winter as this island of Desolation has given us. The fact was, we expected friends to come to our assistance, and so didn't take the necessary precautions against cold. You can't imagine what we have suffered. The only thing that has saved us from starvation has been the thought of getting to you and taking from you what we needed. Frank with me, Mr. Hawley, and I will be frank with you. During the past few days, as we have seen the ice of our coast and current drift away, we've been waiting and looking to see the whole channel between us open, and were all of us astonished to hear that we have been tickled about to death at the prospect of coming over to clean you out."

"I can well comprehend your feelings—after your treatment of Dongal," said Hawley.

"Then I asserted Bantam, flashing upon Dongal a look in which a villain hate and malice was perceptible. "But to go on with my story. As soon to-day the ice shore had advanced so far in this direction that I felt sure of being able to warry you with our muskets. The channel was more than three-quarters of a mile wide, and there was a deal of space left between it and the shore for us to walk over. You can't reach you. This place is well around toward the

ice, and you have blocked further progress from that little quarter. I made to my men in the secret grotto that we should be off at daybreak. But you have taken the precaution to fire the *Dover*, and that was unconcerning me. The next week from I now friends and allies whom I expect here from the Cape of Good Hope."

"Indeed!" repeated Will, interested very quietly. "Who are these allies?"

"One is the Malay Gunner, and the other is the worst desperado who has been in Australia for many years past—present company excepted," was creepily. I refer to Kangaroo Jimmy."

"Indeed! You have friends in high places, it seems—Kangaroo Jimmy and the Malay Gunner!"

Yes. Kangaroo Jimmy has been a particular friend of mine for years past. We have been shipmates together. And as to the Malay Gunner, Jimmy and I got acquainted with him while he was recruiting men for his little navy."

"And you expect these two worthies here at the Island of Desolation?"

"Why, should have been here within a week after I arrived here myself," declared Bantam, "but the scarcity of a blast caused the delay. It was after I had arranged beforehand with Kangaroo Jimmy and the Malay Gunner that I left Australia, and all hitter with his followers, and the Malay Gunner was to ship down here from his retreat. Both were also here, according to our arrangement, before I myself here myself, as our voyage in the *Dorcas*—as Dongal may have told you—was full of delays, and came very near being a complete disaster."

"Then you have been waiting visitors all these months at the Malay Gunner and Kangaroo Jimmy?" said Hawley.

"I supposed that you had an affiliation with this native: the war in which you destroyed the *Dover* was a sufficient evidence of the fact. Dongal even overheard some whispers of the matter during his captivity in your hands."

"And now to come to what I was about to say to you," said Bantam. "I propose that we be friends. Here are boats enough for you and me for us. You can sail from Desolation to-morrow. A few hours will bring us to Amsterdam Island, and from there we can pass on to other islands at will. In two weeks we can exchange these winter moves for the flowers of the tropics. Now, what do you say to that, Mr. Hawley, Captain Dongal is, and he has splendid prospects before him. Will you join us?"

"Not on any account," said Will, with no difficulty in reaching Amsterdam Island, or any other island, in any boats to be procured."

"Enough of this," interrupted Hawley. "We shall not make any arrangement of the kind you propose, Mr. Bantam. I have nothing whatever to do with you. Captain Dongal is free to act as he pleases, and can remain with you in any way after you have attempted harm his alive, and you may be certain that I shall not assist you with my boats in any way. I propose for all the money there is on the island. If you could get a boat, I think you and Dickjoy Dock and a few others would dig up Mr. Ryman's treasure and sail away with it, leaving the rest of your company to their fate."

Bantam started violently, and an accusing look flashed from his eyes to Dongal.

"Ah, I recognize that look!" he said. "I know what I said in the grotto about the buried treasure. Will, I have since dug for the money, and failed to find any trace of it. Dongal may have told you that I never located, or it was dug up years ago by some treasure-seeker of the period. It is not your accession fails to the ground. My only hope."

"There is no necessity of pursuing the subject further," said Hawley, coldly. "I will not get any boat here—no assistance whatever, beyond a warm suit of sealskin, with which I will now furnish you, upon condition of your stowing yourself away in it within five minutes, and upon the further condition of your leaving Sentry-box island in the manner I shall direct within five minutes thereafter."

He produced the suit mentioned as he spoke.

"Is that your ultimatum with me?"

"It is every word I have to say to you."

"Then I may as well be off," said Bantam, with sullen wrath, as he slipped from the bed and began to dress himself in the new suit of sealskin. "I only give you fair warning that if the Malay Gunner or Kangaroo Jimmy should arrive here you may say good-by to your fair play for you."

"Oh, you can spare all your threats," said Will, with exasperating coolness. "We know very well what you would do to us, if you had the power. But neither the Malay Gunner nor Kangaroo Jimmy will come here this season. And, should they, we shall know the fact as soon as you do. Upon the whole, I am glad that I have had this chance to settle our accounts. The minute you are dressed, we will slip our boat into the water and take you back to Cape Cumberland."

And within twenty minutes thereafter this business had been carried out, and Will and his friends had returned in safety to their island.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOUNDS BODING.

It was perfectly clear, at the moment we left the *Petrel*, the Indiaman upon which Mr. Thomas Aymar, Mrs. Hawley's uncle, had embarked at New York, and on the ship must be overtaken sooner or later by the pirate in her wake.

This pirate was believed to be the Malay Gunner, who had been for several years prevailing the most dreaded scourge of the East Indies.

The nearness of this pursuer, his supposed identity, the certainty that the distance between the ship and the steamer was constantly lessening—all these exciting facts had been communicated to the passengers during all the passengers, and producing the tumult of questioning and confusion which only a general commotion can create.

The main deck of the Indiaman was now thronged with the passengers, a few of whom met the crisis calmly, uttering no alarms, and taking care not to get in the way of the officers and crew, but the majority were more or less excited, and the ladies were in the last extremes of fear and dismay, not a few of them were in a state of mind bordering upon panic.

The commander himself, as we have already attested, had taken in all the gravity of the situation, and was doing his utmost to appease the anxiety of the ladies who were consulting him every moment, and to keep the passengers from interfering with the movements of the crew.

"You have looked to our arms, I suppose, Mr. Sterling?" said Count Grimbosq of the first officer, after an interval of thoughtful silence.

"Yes, sir. Everything is in readiness."

"And you have given orders to the men upon emergency, and to whom?"

"Yes, sir. Everything is in readiness."

"Then we will not be overtaken until we have fought, I suppose?"

Mr. Aymar raced to and fro upon the deck in the most violent excitement and agitation. In view of his former encounter with pirates, ten years before, his present situation struck him as the strangest of fatalities, as he asserted.

He almost help thinking of the strangeness of this new encounter with this pirate," he said to Count Grimbosq, as the latter returns to and fro with him in silence. "Can it be that I am the cause of this attack?"

"A singular question, truly!" rejoined Grimbosq, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I will tell you. Ten years I spent in Australia in India to earn my first million. During those ten years I wrote but three times to write to my only brother. My million earned, I united for myself a wife in Australia, and I was compelled to escape in a boat, leaving my children because I was a fugitive. But I was full of energy, and I resolved, on reaching California, to send for my wife and children, and sacrifice myself for them. I soon succeeded, and I have been rewarded by a second time for America—only to be a second time chased by a pirate!"

"Well, sir, it does not follow that the career of Heaven is upon you," said Grimbosq. "It is a strange fatality, as you have remarked, that your arrival in port should be so much like that of ten years ago; but, after all, it is a mere coincidence, and you may have reason to be grateful that you have made an enemy of Heaven by this accident. I dare say that you have become so wealthy by honest industry is one of the noblest men in the world, and a saint!"

"I can at least say that I have sought for riches unselfishly," said Mr. Aymar. "A constant endeavor has always been to me my brother and his children, and I have had a lovely young daughter, whose future I have sought to bring—the only child of my only brother, and I have therefore every reason to consider what benefits I will confer upon her by the fortune which I have brought them upon others."

"Then you may safely hope that your misgivings are unfounded, and that the pirates have been decoyed by the sight of the Indiaman," he added.

"Do you know what the pirates did with the Indiaman which they took from the South America ten years ago?" asked Mr. Aymar abruptly.

The commander shook his head.

"I was informed by the retreat of the pirates upon an island in the Indian Ocean that they had captured, during the course of a beautiful bay, entirely dismantled, and converted her into a floating prison, and that they had anchored her in the most secure harbor, when the government cruisers at length discovered the existence of the island, secret retreat, and expelled the pirates from it. I have always supposed that they had recaptures the *Petrel*, they may make a similar disposition of her.

"It looks probable enough."

"And in that case there is reasonably hopeful, of their taking this course," said Mr. Aymar, with a sigh of relief. "If I can keep to the last, even with all the advantage of the steamer, she is safely hidden in a secret place, as you have suggested, I may be able to keep out of hide myself so completely that the pirates will stand little chance of discovering me. I shall feel the loss of this second fortune even more than I did the loss of the other one—"

"But a portion of your funds are in bills of exchange, this time, Mr. Aymar."

"Yes, sir. I have made that much concession to the new order of things, but I have as well of bullion as ever. I have even forwarded a considerable amount to my agent in York, consisting of a hundred thousand which I have left at the disposal of my niece, Mrs. Hawley. I have written to her that I'm coming. I have told her of my new fortune; I am well along in years now, and I could

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never again tie myself down to business as heretofore. If the worst comes, therefore, I shall sink to the ship and to my money, if there seems to be even one chance in ten of my rescuing my money and life from these blood-hounds. I'm not a rash fool, I hope, to undertake an impossibility, and throw away the remaining pairs of my life for nothing, but I'll risk much for my money, and within the limits of the possible, to rescue my life and money from the wretches behind me."

His face glowed with a lofty heroism, and his eyes gleamed with an awful sternness.

"Let us hope that the worst will not come," suggested Graham. "Some stroke of good fortune may save us at the moment."

A bell suddenly rang out a cheerful peal—the "ship bell"—the hour being half-past eight.

Mr. Aymar smiled involuntarily.

"Nothing ever disturbs those stewards," he said.

Nothing," assented Graham. "They would have breakfast upon the table punctually at eight o'clock, if there were as many pirate ships around us as there are points of the compass."

Half an hour thereafter, or at eight o'clock, the same bell sounded once more, and announcing that breakfast was ready, and Capt. Graham, Mr. Aymar and Mr. Sterling all responded to the call as promptly and deliberately as ever. Seeing this, nearly all the passengers turned their steps in the same direction, and were soon occupying their accustomed places at the tables.

The breakfast was as good and elaborate as usual, but in the part of the saloon set apart the usual appetite was wanting.

It required fortitude, Mr. Aymar took his way to the quarter-deck, where he was soon joined by Graham, together, who had finished their morning cigars.

"How many British ships of war are there in Indian waters to-day, Graham?" asked Mr. Aymar.

"I should say some thirty or forty, sir."

And many of these are steamships?"

Yes, sir. And it is probable that the Americans have twelve or fifteen ships in the China seas, at present."

"That would seem as if what this Malay Gunner is said was true, sir?"

The question is natural enough, my dear Capt. Graham," but it is not difficult to answer it. here are now steamers in the British navy, or any other, that can sail with the schooners and brigs, and are probably not all the navies of the world that can gain a foot on those spars. Suppose, therefore, that the pirate is seen early in the morning by the look-out, and that the news is sent to the boss to run away before the wind. Of course, and it is simply impossible, in the ordinary courses of things, for that steamer to overtake him before night. And after night has come on, he can ship off in any number of compasses, and the government cruisers see no more of him."

According to this, it is about as difficult to escape from the pirates as it would be for a bird to fly from a needle in a haystack."

"That's the exact truth in the matter. But then are we sure that we have not been considering. For instance, the Malay Gunner is no Malay at all, but a full-blooded Englishman, in fact, a disgraced officer of the British navy."

"How should?" commented a little fellow from London, who happened to overhear the commander's statement. "How should the dooce take him and all the pirates! I say, I'm sick of the whole affair, and wish all the lot at—well! This is dooced disagreeable! I must see the steward and get a glass of brandy."

I share the little fellow's sentiments, with the exception of the "brandy," said Capt. Graham, the young Londoner disappeared. "I am sick of the whole affair, and wish some of the very best the Malay Gunner has been snatched to the nether, and I am even believed to have been killed."

The report to which you refer was not entirely true, but it is quite probable that the Malay Gunner did receive a very severe and painful wound, and is now partially crippled."

The morning advanced, Hour after hour passed away, with little change in the situation of the two vessels, save that the pirate continued to come nearer and nearer. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and the schooner did not ride the heavy seas as well as did the ship, owing to the superior size of the latter. The fact was soon known to all on all command, and each of the passengers were not too alarmed and excited proceeded to watch, which was served as usual.

The breeze had continued still all the morning, but it began early and in soon after noon, and both the wind and the sea were soon sufficient to a moderate degree. The ship, which had been taken in upon the *Petrel* were again shaken out, and the latter vessel proceeded on her way like some wild bird of the ocean.

The passengers had nearly all regained their cover, on account of the rain, and the crew were as busy as bees, for everything the ship with every care and energy, under the skilled and experienced eyes of their officers, to be ready, in case of a sudden squall, or other urgent call.

The blow had fallen as blows of this kind usually do—instantaneously, but the officers were successful as instant of abuse—if that combination of words describes action impossible—and then Capt. Graham, perched upon the weather—as lately the—watch, exclaim, as in hand, was seen chopping the pert minutes of seconds.

They snapped like pipe stems, and a few rapid blows did like service to the mainsail.

At the same instant, Mr. Sterling was doing the same for the foresail, and the ship and the weather-bow struck down then the mast itself.

And then, relieved—the squall filling almost as quickly as it had descended—it rushed.

What havoc had been wrought! And how quickly!

Never away that banger?" commanded Capt. Graham, indicating the mainsail with the arm he extended sing by which the fallen spars were still clinging to the hull. "Lively!"

This and work was soon done, and the ship—a mere wreck—swept clear of the fallen rigging.

She had been fearfully dismantled. Her topmasts were all gone, with all other rigging. Of her fore and mizzen masts there remained only the naughty splintered stumps. Her mainmast was still intact, supporting its mainsail, mainyard, and the rigging which was carrying its mate. But the ship was unmanageable, showed numerous gaps, where the topmasts had fallen, and was by no means still intact. Her boats had all remained fast, and without exception, were not at all damaged.

The disaway with which the officers and crew gained this scene can be but faintly imagined.

"Here's one question settled," exclaimed Capt. Graham bitterly. "The pirate is sure to overhaul us now."

"Yes, and he knows it," rejoined Mr. Sterling, who was again on the look-out. "He has seen what has happened to us, and is taking in sail."

He watched the schooner in silence until she showed nothing save a close-reefed foresail, and then he added—

In forty minutes the pirate will be here, sir, and I'll be bound, helpless—rolling like a big sperm the waters."

"Well, he can't board us in this wind, and he don't wish to sink us, so we won't be able to finish with us at present," rejoined the commander.

"True, sir. And in the mean time we may be able to do something. To begin with, can't we get the wreck before the wind? The wheel and rudder are still sound, and, once we get it to the wind, the ship will be long enough to steer easily."

It was no easy task to carry out the mate's proposition, but it was finally accomplished, and the wreck was soon before the wind, and again heavy, but the new course gave great relief to the labors and movements of the disheartened vessel.

"There, she goes easier, as I thought she would," said Mr. Sterling. "Besides, now we are still going away from the pirate, and so putting the moment of his final overtaking vivid. We are also gaining time to consider what we will do."

Mr. Aymar, who had appeared again and taken his place on the quarter-deck, though he had not took his way back to the cabin, and the commander gave all his attention to the ship.

He saw that she bruised strangely.

"Ah, a leak!" he shouted. "To the pumps!" The men hurriedly obeyed.

"Keep both of them going," added the commander, when they had been there that the ship was leaking badly. "We must never stop them."

The dull clank of the pumps worked with all the energies of terror and despair, rang out hollowly upon the balmy air, adding its horrors.

Suddenly there came a strange calm.

The wreck, feeling no pressure of wind, began to roll from side to side.

Then the wind began blowing wildly again, but from the opposite direction, returning in its permanent quarter.

"This is the worst enough," cried Mr. Sterling. "but we will change too."

The wreck was turned about and the headway of the hull kept, and the pumps were set to work to keep her low to the windward until he had time to consider what he should do next.

"The chief benefit of this course," he muttered, "is the we have only to keep afloat a much the later—and a meeting is now inevitable."

As he spoke, he noticed that the clanking of the pumps had suddenly ceased.

He was about to inquire what was the matter, when he saw that the men were moving rapidly about the deck, where also the captain of the *Petrel*, a veteran of the ocean, rough and illiterate, but a thorough seaman, was on himself before the commander, with a look of alarmed resolution in his face.

"Captain Graham," said he, "the men have been talking among themselves, and say that there is no use of pumping—that the ship is sinking, and that we had better take to the boats. I'm sure, and I'm willing to go with them in the boats."

"In the boats!" echoed the commander. What! on the heels of this squall?"

"The squall is over, sir," said Sterling. The boats will live even in this sea, and if our forward bulkhead holds, we can make for the nearest Bourbon in the course of a week."

"Bulkhead!" repeated the captain.

"The main bulkhead, I should," commanded Sterling, "and let me hear no more of this nonsense. When I want you to take to the boats, I will tell them. Perhaps you would like to go in the pirate's boat? I'm eager to plunder the ship, but it is more likely that they would send a shot through your boat and make an end, with all in it. Be that as it may, the boats are not to be touched, or can be used to-night in the darkness better than in the daylight. Now, go forward, and see that they are used to their duty."

Mr. Rundel did not move. So far from obeying the command, he looked to Graham, the representative of the crew.

"Two words, captain," added Capt. Graham, "and then I am done. I am the commander of this ship, and I am responsible for her safety. I have been chief officer of her for two years, and know her better than any one else. I tell the men this, Mr. Rundel, and repeat it to you, that—"

Here Sterling was interrupted by a loud shout, heard by a body toward the two boat boats, and had brought every man instantly on deck. His dogged resolution grew to a downright mutiny.

"There's no use of talking, Captain Graham," said he hoarsely, "and I'm sorry you're here no longer. They're not going to stay here, to be taken by the pirates, and be killed like a shark, one after another. They prefer to take to the boats, and I'm with them. I'm a Russian, and am willing to take my chance of Bourbon in safety. With or without your permission, captain, I'm going to see to the swing in the boats, and I shall go with them."

What the commander would have answered to this unanimous language it is impossible to say, for his speech was here suddenly and rudely interrupted.

The cabin door, the boy chaser of the schooner, had been silently extinguished, and was now within the outermost at the moment, and three or four seamen had followed him. At the same instant Captain Graham upon the head, and struck him down, stunning him like a log upon the deck.

"Aboard heavens!" cried Mr. Sterling, springing to the side of his commander. "he cannot be killed!"

Stillness a word. Mr. Rundel shook away, and the seamen who had been with him began to engage in active preparations for launching the boats.

"I must take him to the cabin," muttered Mr. Sterling, after a moment of agonized astonishment. "Aymar, assist me!"

Oblivious of all around him—the ominous crew, the approaching pirate—in support the helpless form in his arms and entered the cabin.

In a few seconds he returned, Mr. Aymar was had happened, placed the insensible form of Capt. Graham upon a sofa, and stood upon a resolute attempt to recall him to his senses.

"It cannot be that he is mortally wounded," decided the mate, after a brief examination of the injury. "His skull is not broken. There is little blood. He is only stunned. Let us hasten to do what we can for him."

Mr. Aymar was overwhelmed with grief. Strong restoratives were administered and applied, and at length Graham opened his eyes. Aymar or the affection of the mate could suggest for him to do was done.

"He lives! he lives!" at length cried Sterling joyfully, and Edward had noticed.

And Aymar echoed his joyous exclamations, and Graham looked around him.

Lieutenant, while continuing to attend to his duties, Mr. Aymar heard his voice in angry remonstrance, which was instantly silenced, and cries, and then he heard sounds of a scuffle, a brief conflict in the rear of the cabin, and a boat. A moment thereafter Mr. Sterling came back to his side, and told him, in a few words, with a calmness that looked as strange as terrible, that his men had mutinied, and that the boat he was trained and bleeding.

"Then we are lost!" groaned Edward. "They will not wait for the pirate."

"What? The men? "

"Yes. They have left the ship, and are in with them."

"Gone!" cried Mr. Aymar. "Where? How?"

"In the boats. They have deserted us, and some of the passengers have gone with them. They have made the island of Bourbon."

The breathing of the sufferer, his motions, his every look, were now so closely watched that he would soon recover his senses.

A few moments later, Capt. Graham opened his eyes feebly—as the faces bending over him—realized where he was—and a faint smile expressed the joy and thankfulness he felt at finding himself among the living.

"The pirate?" he then inquired.

"They are coming up rapidly, no doubt," answered Sterling, "but we are safe for a time."

He hurried again to the deck, but almost instantly returned.

"The schooner is within three miles of us," he reported.

"And Rundel? Our men?"

Sterling explained what had become of them.

The commander partially arose, at this dreadful intelligence, but his strength was not equal to the effort, and he sank back in his berth, ghastly white, and for the moment utterly helpless.

"Rundel took the two best boats?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Where swifter ones?"

"A good sailor away, under sail, in the direction of Bourbon."

"The pirate makes no movement toward overtaking them?"

"No, sir."

"Then and sea are down?"

"Yes, sir. The heavy rain—"

"Is the cause of it all," he. We may escape in the darkness, as the pirate will probably not dare to follow us in the night. Let the men have no liquor this morning. Lively!"

Sterling vanished on the instant.

"You will leave me in the smallest boat behind you, then?" asked Mr. Aymar.

"Of course. It's rather small, and we shall not need it."

Mr. Aymar's stern face grew sterner, and his eyes gleamed strangely as he turned to his fiery state-room.

In a few minutes thereafter, Sterling appeared on deck, and announced that everything was in readiness. No danger a doubt was there without help, but the mate had in his mind a firm, steady plan, that he was soon transferred to one of the boats, which, being somewhat smaller, and more soon well clear of the ship.

"We're sailing, sailing," thought Capt. Graham, looking back, "and the pirates are sailing, sailing, and we're steadily moving."

Then he thought of Mr. Aymar, and looked around for him. He was not in the boat. He was on the deck, looked upon every human figure in the two boats, only to discover that he was not among the number.

"My God!" he murmured.

What shocks he must endure! Mr. Aymar had stuck to his post, and was prepared to do! And it's too late to save him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUSINESS OF A BOUQUET.

BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES.

"See, mother! I've finished my bouquet. Don't it look pretty?" and Miss Ada Chadwick held up her work that it might be admired by her mother, who was sitting in the opposite corner of the room.

"Yes, yes, it is very pretty. But, dear me, child, I cannot help thinking how ill we can afford to waste time on such a useless thing. Almost as much as you can make in a week, I'll be bound."

"Don't say so, mother," cried Ada, and expression to Edgar's appreciation of the exertions he had made in her behalf, and which he had so struggled to obtain a profession! I only wish I could prove to you how worthy of your bounty and wrestle to-night, when he returns from his walk."

"Well, well; if it will do any good, I shall be glad to see it myself," said Mrs. Chadwick. "I know it is from you, and men don't care for such things, and I'm sure I never had a penny to spend on other young lady, I expect, if I had not been poor."

"Ah, mother, you are unjust to yourself, I think as much of it, coming from his sister-in-law as if it were Edgar's gift. I will prove it to you, and you shall see how much I value Kate, too. If we do not think enough of him to send him home a present, I'm sure Kate will, mother, dear; I feel quite sure my bouquet will do more to prove to him how much we think of him than a glass of water."

"Then send it, child, and some simple letter with it, and have done with it."

"Mother, you are unjust," cried Ada, stamping her little foot in her vexation, "and you know that I am not. I will not send it, but will take it to him myself, and you shall see how much he will prize it."

"Please yourself, child," said Mrs. Chadwick, "but I'm sure I don't see why you should not send it by the boy."

"Because I choose to do it myself," she answered, with a toss of her head, and a look that expressed how delighted he was.

"Ada, you are a fool," said Mrs. Chadwick, "but I'm glad you've found him out. Edgar was growing happier, and more confident, and was beginning to think that the present came which promised a speedy removal of all his troubles. Ada, too, was evidently going to have a pension. Then and there he had determined to ask Mr. Chadwick for Ada's hand, and after spending a whole day with her, would accordingly have left, secure in the privilege of calling shortly.

Ada's face was flushed, her manner brightly, and she looked more than usually pretty. Her

STOP THE CHILDREN'S ASSASSINS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The discovery that, whatever of opium ate in the habit of unwillingly sinning it, prepared in can-dy and beverages, to keep our little children, and colleges, . . . The circular also sets forth, in strong terms, the effects of the drug upon the system. The immediate effect is a wrecked life and a blighted career. . . . The evil is a blight-ful one.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

So has flashed the blest warning, and still its flame fills
Over the land, thrilling horror through myriad homes;
Sisters and fathers and mothers, awake to it all,
Make a quick justice on each veiled murderer fall!

Well, will do ye shudder and quickly draw breath
At a circular sent with such sweet-scented death,
That like one will so sharply pierce your heart
The pupil can take highest prizes with ease.

And then see the life-or-sentence caught
Is less than the destruction of childhood is wrought;

For the poison once used and loved, longing will exist,
And vainly the victim would drive it away.

Now the dream is not to one person confined,
How he may a whole school in the land Tophet find.

Pain alone cannot see, still less welfare withdrawn;
Countless bodies and souls in few years wast be wrecked.

Could a worse dagger steal through a great Nation's heart?
Was a people yet withered by more coward art?
With a myriad-wrong of Manmoor more blackness could be?
It is such worship gives to Head Devils their glee.

Fathers, mothers, and all, to the warning's great voice
Answer out, till upon the crushed head ye repress!
Heaven's self joins that warning: "The crime to the Nation itself is!"

The assassins steal on—from Death's clutch save the dear innocents save, and by Justice's rod
With the Nation itself be preserved for its God!"

A BONE OF CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON BEAUTIES," "THE RIALTO'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF RIL-DARE," "THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HIGHWAY," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EXCITING CONVICTION.

Upon the day following the departure of King for Lansdhire, intent upon his nefarious plot to withdraw Honor Glint from the protection of her friends, Mrs. Thaxter and her guests were gathered in her ladyship's boudoir. The hour was one of the early noon. It had been a fancy of Lady Thaxter to make a collection of photographic views, and to express with the camera the familiar scenes upon her arrival," said Lady Thaxter, who and places of interest. She had already secured such as this. The Red House—as I think your pages place it—the Anglesian Court necessarily be in a state of confusion, and you will pardon the favors which I am about to ask—lodging at a hotel beforehand. And be sure to let me know when you return to the Red House, that I may secure a picture of it. Then through one's scrapbook against decreasing interest, and I will be glad to receive your letter to inform me of Mrs. Glint's state to-morrow.

"Mrs. Glint is always well and sensible woman, and Sir Hugh felt that he could not do better than to leave Honor under the care of so sensible a woman. She was silent for a moment, and then added, with a sigh:

"It was as if she had been brought face to face with the ghosts of a dead and buried past.

Lady Thaxter was busy with some woolen embroidery; a square of canvas in and out of the meshes of the canvas, flashing in the firelight.

Honor Glint had produced a tasteful effect, and was the picture of blooming face; while Mrs. Earle, Lady Thaxter's companion, who had just landed from her visit to Tooting, was narrating some incident of her journey homeward. Sir Hugh Trogaron stood in the open door-way of the company-salon, listening with the others.

It was a pleasant home scene, and its charm was deepened by the pretty industries of Lady Thaxter and Honor. The bright wools and the little pearl shuttle with its load of thread gave an effect of coziness and homelikeness to the room and the group which could have been obtained in no other way.

In the midst of Mrs. Earle's graphic narration of the exciting incident of travel, a servant appeared with a hastily-written note upon a salver.

"A telegram for Miss Glint," he said, presenting the salver to Honor.

The young girl took up the envelope with a trembling hand, and the servant withdrew. Lady Thaxter dropped her embroidery in surprise, Lady Rothemere aroused herself from her contemplation of her hands, and Sir Hugh Trogaron approached Honor with an anxious look.

"It is the early from papa," murmured the girl, her white fingers fluttering at the seal of the envelope. "I fear something has happened to him. He can't have received my letter, I think."

She drew out the slip of paper, and read its contents.

They comprised these words, dated at Rolton:

"Mrs. Glint is dying—attacked with paralysis yesterday. Can find but a few moments to write you before she dies. In the name of Heaven, do not delay your return to the Red House at once. Her husband will be prostrated by another heavy mercantile loss. She calls for you continually. She cannot die in peace without you. Come by first train.

CLARIETTE MULNER."

The paper dropped from Honor's hands. Sir Hugh, without ceremony, picked up the message and read it from its broken to its finish.

The sensation the communication produced was a startling one.

Honor was shocked beyond the power of words to express. She had not loved Mrs. Glint, and she had suffered much from her hands—so deeply that time could never efface the scars of her wounded heart. But for Mrs. Glint, she would never have known the pangs of remorselessness and friendlessness; but for her she would never have married Darrel Mohr, and so fettered and chained herself to a villain, and changed the entire current of her life. Yet, in spite of all this, the young girl's heart was pierced with keen and poignant anguish at his great sorrow. Yet, with all these wrongs crowding upon her mind, Honor's soul throbbed with a generous pity for her enemy, and her heart yearned to soothe the supposed remorse of Mrs. Glint's last hours by her sweet forgiveness.

"It really seems as if God's judgment had overtaken the woman," observed Lady Thaxter, breaking the silence. "Dying of paralysis! Well, shall you go, dear?"

"It really seems as if God's judgment had overtaken the woman," observed Lady Thaxter, breaking the silence. "Dying of paralysis! Well, shall you go, dear?"

"Oh, Lady Thaxter," she exclaimed, "I must go to her! How can I be so unforgiving Creature if I refuse to forgive my fellow-creature? She is papa's wife, after all, you her. How could I meet him on his return, and tell him that I neglected his wife's last prayer to me for forgiveness, and that although I was but a few hours' distance from her, I yet refused to go to her?"

"You are right," said Lady Thaxter, with decision. "One cannot be governed, in a case like this, by the ordinary rules of society. You must first thought, I received you to write to her and to remain here, but her remorse for her treatment of you must be terrible. No doubt your presence by her bedside, and the assurance of your forgiveness from your own lips, will soothe her as nothing else will do. Still, I will not give a governing opinion. Sir Hugh, you have known Mrs. Glint. What should Honor do?"

"She had best follow the dictates of her own generous heart," said Sir Hugh, with a look of tender reverence in his grave gray eyes, as he looked upon the girl's agitated face. "Honor is actuated by the noblest principles of our holy Christian religion. If she chooses to go to them this time, she will fully use her, she is only obeying the dictates of her own heart. If she does not I would not hold her back from what she deems her duty."

Honor flashed upon the young Baronet a grateful look, and she said:

"I must go by the first train, and I pray Heaven that I may arrive in time."

Sir Hugh's countenance fell upon hearing the prospect of her speedy departure. Lady Thaxter, noticing the change, hastened to assure him that Honor would be returned to him again.

"No," replied Lady Thaxter, half reluctantly, for she had grown to love Honor very tenderly, "my engagements detain me here. There is the flower-show to-day, and congratulations to-day and to-morrow, and there is also the Chamorum ball this evening, and a host of other engagements which I cannot break. You must consider her fair name above everything else in the world, and I assure you, dear Hugh, that I cannot approve your project of accompanying the dear girl to Lansdhire."

Sir Hugh's countenance showed that he was not pleased with this decision. He looked upon the proposed visit of Honor to Anglesian Court as unfitting, and he had no desire to trust to gossip the privilege of accompanying her.

"Not of course, Hugh," said Lady Thaxter, as her quick eye perused Sir Hugh's face. "I must not travel to Lansdhire as Honor's escort. Mrs. Earle will be glad to accompany her, I am sure, but she is not very prepossessing to look upon. Forgive me if I wound you, Hugh, but I love you both, and I fear that her antecedents will compromise Honor. You are not her brother or relative, nor even her betrothed husband

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

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Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Corporations Attempting to Tyrannize Over the People.

It is announced that two of the great railroad corporations, having long lines extending out of this city, have combined to raise their freights twenty-five per cent.

This is a very large advance—one quarter—and it affects directly or indirectly almost every member of the community. Directly, it affects the producers, the shippers and the merchants; indirectly, it affects them and the consumers, on whom almost the entire burden falls. The increase is a rise in prices of the articles sent over the road, sufficient to reimburse the increased cost of transportation; and those who use and consume the articles pay, in the end, the increased cost.

The interests of these great, soulless corporations are so large that there is always a very strong tendency for them to make, and to oppress the public, instead of preserving it in competition with keen prime drivers.

For the time being the cost of transporting passengers cannot be advanced, because the rates of fare are regulated, or at least restricted, by statute. But such reliance is to be placed upon the preservation of this barrier?

The corporations are rich. The Legislature—a large proportion of it—is sometimes can be had, at any time, for money. All that is required is to put enough; and while there is the prospect of a benefit, and while there is no apprehension of punishment to the corporation, the buying of too high fares, more or less, will always be effected at some time, in a direct form—during a limit, or the prize of votes. The railroad companies have the money, and there is no reason to expect that a very long time will elapse before they buy votes enough to permit them to raise the fares.

A good deal has been said lately about the usurpations of the bench; and all must agree that an incorruptible judiciary is essential to the preservation of our rights. We think, however, that it would be a misfortune if we have taken an active interest in these matters, and we have seen them to consider whether the great railroad corporations and the richest corporations are not usurping power instead of weaker in the courts; whether their monopolies on the bench are not increasing in number, while at the same time they carry with them more weight, from being unassailable.

There will be a great struggle yet between the people and these gigantic corporations. At first the people are taken at great disadvantage, because it is a kind of warfare in which they are not well versed; but we have too much confidence in the intelligence and virtue of the masses to doubt their ultimate triumph.

Habitual Criminals—Severe Punishment Needed.

The doctrine which we have advocated, that culprits who have manifested a disposition tendency to crime, or who have been guilty of crimes of a very deliberate and atrocious character, ought to be permanently confined, is receiving considerable support, not only in the judges of the criminal courts in England. Sometimes the principle is carried to an extent which seems severe. In a recent case a man was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and to seven years' police supervision, the sleaping sixpence worth of sand. But it was his seventh conviction.

An Old Lawsuit, Long Drawn Out.

On the twenty-seventh of July, a suit was called up in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, in London, which was begun in the year 1725—*one hundred and forty-seven years ago!*

Between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars had been paid into court, in the progress of the suit, prior to 1795—over seventy-five twelve years ago—and had not been claimed until now. What day to-day is.

An inquiry was directed by the Vice-Chancellor, to ascertain who was entitled to the cash. And so the suit remains unfinished yet.

A Kansas Man Wants a Wife.

A bachelor who advertises, in the *Clay County* (Kansas) *Independent*, for a wife, gives the following description of himself:

"He neither smokes nor chews tobacco, drinks whisky, plays cards, nor swears. He is a member of the Methodist church, and has been such for many years, but hopes those here in possession of it will live long to enjoy it. He makes his own work clothes and is proud of it. He belongs to that old-fogy class of men who think that a wife is the best institution ever known. He is neither old nor extremely bad looking. Is of good character, has a warm heart and a clear head, and thinks he will make a pretty fair husband—at least is willing to be taken for trial by a good woman."

An Extraordinary Girl.

The Kingston Freeman says that they have a girl in Kingston who turns the scales at one hundred and seventy-two pounds, and all the boys' heads from thirteen to thirty years of age.

"Gambling is a Vice which I Cannot Overcome."—A Warning.

WILLIAM J. ARKES, a member of the police force of this city, was recently detected in the act of committing a burglary, and on being arrested, confessed to having been guilty of a long series of similar crimes, and to-day since been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the State prison.

When the usual question was put to him—what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him—he freely admitted his guilt, but remarked, "*Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome.*"

In these few words the ruined and wretched man—who says bitterly when he was reminded of his wife and children—stated a truth which, unfortunately, is applicable not only to himself, but as a rule, with scarcely an exception, to all who have once become addicted to the practice of gambling. The habit furnishes a kind of intellectual intoxication, which is worse, if anything can be worse, even than the intoxication of strong drink. To one, after yielding to it, seems to be able to overcome the weakness—to cease the temptation.

The words of this doomed criminal are full of warning to the young men of the country: "Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome!" Cut out those words. Paste them in your commonplace-book. Whenever you are tempted to play any game, for a single dollar or a single cent, remember Arkes in the gloomy cell in the State prison, and his terrible confession: "*Gambling is a vice which I cannot overcome.*"

Abuse of the Office of Coroner.

In many cases we think the power pertaining to the office of coroner is grossly abused. Post-mortem examinations are made where there is no occasion for them, just for the sake of the fees. The cause of death is well known—a consumption, the hectic flush of the deceased are pained at the idea of the corpse being cut up, and the usual unfeeling hands: but the more fact that death has occurred suddenly, or away from home, affords sufficient excuse. The coroner comes and progeons to disregard the natural feelings of those to whom the sudden death of a friend is already sufficient affliction.

Even in a village, there are a pleasing exception to this practice. For instance, the other day, at Weymouth, Mass., an unfortunate and melancholy invalid was found in his sitting room, and standing up before his mirror, inflicted a horrible gash, with a razor, in his throat, severing the main artery. The blood spirted all over the room, spattering the walls and furniture. He then sat down beside his chair, and bled to death. The coroner was notified by some means and he came. The account of this tragedy concludes with the statement that the coroner, on viewing the remains of the body, but did not consider an inquest necessary.

Now all this is strictly compatible with the commonsense view of the case. There was not a man availed for the coroner to have summoned a jury, and to have the body carried to the dissecting room, and to have the head of the unfortunate suicide, and have the body of the unfortunate suicide, and have it sewed up and the paper, filmed, and the coroner's fee. And yet, in many cases, this is done.

Why is it again—the same question? You bring the postmaster to the office, and the *Stole* is wholly obscure. While PETER HOLT was in charge of the office, and the *Ledger* with fraud, he is himself the only culprit. If he had chose to adopt such a course a direction, he would have had no trouble.

There is another piece of carelessness quite as reprehensible. It is the practice of leaving the key in the door. Men are so familiar with their own signs that they do not think of the necessity of it as they do. Our duty is it with such hosts that three or four letters to the Editor of the London Times and the State Attorney at Chelsea, Illinois, and the letter recapitulating the details of several murders, for which the murderer, after a long delay, has been inflicted on the perpetrators, says:

"In the minds of the vast majority of the European people there is only one punishment that would bear the character of an adequate retribution for any crime, and that is the punishment of death."

And the *State Attorney* at Chicago says:

"*The punishment should be death in all cases of unprovoked murder.*"

Mismanagement of Corporations.

Recent developments have made clear that railroad corporations and insurance companies are just about as badly mismanaged themselves here as the debts is becoming very common, and deeply seated, whether there is any safety in trusting to a director to manage the business of large concerns.

It is a matter of fact, the honor of being interested with the care and control of great interests—of other people's property—seemed to influence the trustees to the exercise of skill and good faith more powerfully than at present.

Are we deteriorating in morals—in integrity?

A Boy's Generosity Rewarded.

A suit has just been tried in an English court in which a boy was awarded a large sum as damages for an injury done him by a dray belonging to a milk company. The boy's principal witness was "one of the boys at the Shoeblack Brigade," who, after watching his shoes when the injury was inflicted by the dray, crushing the man's hand as he stood leaning over the kerb, "ran off to the Shoeblack testified that "the man had got him to clean his shoes for nothing, had given him money and that, in addition, he gave the man a half, penny to enable him to join the Shoeblack Brigade." This led to further questioning, and the boy's account of himself and his previous life, who heard it, that the judge and the counsel on both sides were prevented him a shilling; so that the little fellow's fortune was made forward for the diligence with which the evidence showed, he pursued his business, and the act of good-nature which he had done.

Poisoned Sweetmeats.

Mr. Fairbairn, an analytical chemist, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been making an examination into the quality of sweetmeats such as are usually sold to children.

He found that out of thirty-six different kinds, obtained from twenty different dealers, twenty-eight were colored with poisonous material. The poison most commonly used is some preparation of lead.

The disease caused by lead poison are among the most terrible which are produced by anything.

The experiment will serve as a warning to parents to practice greater care in providing confectionaris for their children. If they are to be used at all, it is safer to make them at home. Then you know what they contain.

HEEDLESS LETTER-WRITING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

If all the small carelessnesses of one's life were to be brought together into one view, it would not only amaze the subject of them, but it would be difficult to persuade one that he was ever careful at all. So fruitful is that of every-day results, that what may be called the child is not noticed.

The words too many, the things superfluous, the things forgotten, the things done inexplicably, the absolute mistakes, the time wasted in delay—over and over again these make the waste of force by indirection, by bad aim, by ill-judged intensity, if it could every day be summed up, and presented as a whole, would make the creature, it is to be presumed, of quite satisfied men.

If one considers the human mind as a collection of exquisite tools, and watches their use carefully or generally, he cannot but feel that the average man is a most unskilful, because heedless bungler.

There comes to mind just now a good instance of heedlessness. If one considers the degree of intelligence prevailing, he might while admitting that mistakes occur occasionally, be in a dilemma, to say that such mistakes were rare. What then shall be thought of the report of the Dead Letter Department of the General Post-office? Of the thousands of letters which are found, not only annually or generally, he cannot but feel that the average man is a most unskilful, because heedless bungler.

That a man should send a letter without definitely stating the name to which it was directed we can easily conceive, especially if written in haste, where carelessness is only a far less conspicuous part than in southern life. But that he should neglect to state the town to which it was destined to the subscription of his own name and residence, is astonishing. During the year ending 1871 thousand persons sent letters without giving their names or the name of the town to which they are to go! But there were three thousand persons who sent letters to the post-office without any direction at all upon the envelope, except their own name, town—blank and bare!

Of the letters received in the aggregate are opened, the contents read, and the per cent, of loss, when the aggregate is so large, is small. But there were over four hundred more than three million dollars of checks and drafts found in the dead letters, which this could be returned to the sender, but large sums were found in letters which could neither receive, could be found.

The Dead Letter Office has to deal with the question of heedlessness. Men send three dollars in bills, and neglect to sign.

SOURCE: Pious and the N.Y. *Ledger* to Peter Holt, with a request to publish it.

Now, as there are probably several hundred thousand persons whose regular business and as there is no hint of the State or county in which they live, and as the *Ledger* is to be found, the *Ledger* may go a thousand miles and never find its destination. Even when the *Ledger* gratuitous postmaster who is not unwilling to do it, cannot find them.

But a month passes, and the mail some day brings the following answer:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1872.
DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the 1st inst., and am very much obliged to you for your kindness in sending me the paper. Please send me the paper. Please send me the paper. Please send

SUMMER NOON BY THE SEA.

BY FRANK J. GUTASSON.

How quiet sleeps the silver wave
On old Atlantic's snowy strand,
As if the waters loved to have
The merge of Freedom's chosen land;
And yet the sleeping waves
Of Ocean's deep in dreams of love,
All else is full and perfect rest,
As nowhere on the blue above.

There's not a breath, there's not a sound,
To fan the wave or wake the air:
The aspen leaf repose has found,
The very sea-gull seems to share
Its Nature's mid hour of peaceful rest—
And glassy wave and emerald reef
Bound round through the pulseless air
The offering of their praise to God.

The wild flow'ring song has waned away
And died above the shady dell,
The bird has ceased its roundelay
And hushed to rest the sunny swell;
There's not a sound in all the air
To break the shoreless sea of quiet,
One vault of blue is reading there,
The boundless home of Infinitude.

The flaming enclosure blights the gaze,
The sun-rays fall like fire,
They mingle in a myriad maze
And dance and shimmer o'er the globe
The cyclide drop, the dacre of thought
Are closed, and thought itself is still!
The very soul is lost in reverence,
No more sleep but trust will.

O, sweet repose! The ocean's soul,
Relieved while of thoughts at earth,
Wings upward to its final goal
And lingers near its place of birth.
Here let me pass the sultry day,
Here let me feel the soul and Nature near,
And through its hours my inquiring ray
Illumes the ancient boundary.

Till star-lamps flit, falling are the veils
Their soft and tranquil light unfold,
And mingling with the setting sun,
Seem liquid silver blent with gold;
Then, then the ocean wakes
In silvered radiance with its wave,
And night's own bird his plaintive key
Attunes above the day-god's grave.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXX.

ADRASTE SCIPIAN AND MADAME VARIVILLE.

Prior the arrival of Madame Variville, and all during his attendance upon her case, Adraste Scipian was not able to obtain direct speech with Mercita, nor even to examine her features.

But at last time, as we have stated, he had no suspicion that the veiled woman was there for any special purpose was to summon Madame Variville to health, and thereby win the gratitude, perhaps the confidence of that lady, to made no resolute effort to become intimate with the unknown negress.

Even had he done so he would have failed. Mercita knew which way her services, and the interest at hand and loathing heid by Mercita toward him.

And during the five days' illness and possibility of Madame Variville, Perez was able to glean, by his own observations and among the conversations of the two Russians, only little:

That it was the purpose of Adraste Scipian, by the aid of Madame Variville's confidence, to inform the lady that she had been poisoned, and that Mercita was the poisoner.

That when the Russian supposed this was failed to discover.

We now return to the interview between Madame Variville and Adraste Scipian, which was turned from part of the latter had told the former that the honor of her own family demanded that the poisoning of Madame Delpine should not be made public.

"Ah, but I think I see a mystery!" was the remark of Madame Variville, in assuming an unusually reply to the words of Adraste Scipian. "It is the honor of my family which demands secrecy in this terrible affair!"

"Madame Variville, as well as I do, suspect," said Scipian, bowing nearly to the floor. "May I, a poor Italian, though I am, also the preserver of Madame's life—may I ask the reason has which she had not intimated she suspected, does not point at once to the guilty one?"

Madame Variville shuddered, and replied faintly:

"Yes."

"At both, Madame?"

"No—at one."

"At which one, Madame?"

"The Spanish Madame, as well as I do, Adraste Scipian. As Leon de Vargas."

"What!" cried Scipian.

"What!" was echoed from Adrian Dudley?

"No, Madame, not directly?"

"Speak! What mean you by not directly?"

"Ah, Madame, the young gentlemen are in their own house, and I am a stranger in this matter. Let me explain this sad affair."

Voodoo doctor then, by a specious and artfully woven story, made it appear that Mercita entered the chamber which had so nearly proved fatal to Madame Variville, and that the negress was there for the sole purpose of doing what she had begged the doctor on account of his enmity to her and to Adrian Dudley. He also declared that Madame Variville with the conviction that her best course would be to sell Mercita to some one going to Cuba, and suggested Pere Dominique as one who would be willing to purchase the negress her. Still, Madame Variville hesitated to take this course, for, as it was known that she had a slave in Mercita, and she finally said:

"You will, then, receive my confession of which, although I am innocent in this matter, I am. Let me explain this sad affair."

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"You will, then, receive my confession of which, although I am innocent in this matter, I am. Let me explain this sad affair."

"Indeed," said Ivan.

"Indeed," said Perez, the recumbent and listening Perez. "Did I not suspect that?"

"Ah, I recognize that the negress Mercita was a true friend of 'The Cross,' who caused Adraste Scipian, delighted to hear that the negress is dead."

"Ha! This is fassons fortune at last," said Ivan, rubbing his hands.

"The Cross' herself, by heaven!" exclaimed Adraste Scipian, clapping his hands.

"Ah!" cried Ivan, springing to his feet, and treading on Perez's toes.

"Ow!" A moment's time you'll be confounded negress, this woman Mercita, if 'The Cross' herself—is of Cuba, and suggested Leon de Vargas, and the 'Lord's Prayer' in four languages, and there-fore," Isadora Raymundo," I am sure I perceive now how it was done! As the unknown Isadora Raymundo she obtained from the hand signature of the Captain-General of Cuba, Don Sebastian, the dagger which killed Isadora Raymundo, and she handed that razor Sancho Perez to serve her, and to kill Leon de Vargas, the negress by dealing with the unknown Angelique, whom old Juan saw taken from the chest by Pere Dominique, and from whom she obtained that knowledge of the crimes of Sancho Perez which she used to force him to obey the unknown Isadora Raymundo."

"Diables!" thought the startled Perez, unwilling to hear the name of the French negress Mercita was a reputed mulatto. Was the strange story of Adraste Scipian true? Was it possible that Mercita was the poisoner, replied the other, who then related accurately all that she had been said by himself and Madame Variville.

It was nearly an hour in narrating his account of the interview. Ivan listened attentively, occasionally asking a pertinent question or two.

"All depends now upon the conclusion at which Madame Variville may arrive, after her consultation with her grandfather, Adrian Dudley," at length remarked Ivan, "if she has not yet informed of the identity of Mercita.

"Ah, but I think she will not, and that the plan of secretly selling the negress to some one who will carry her from the country, as soon as it can possibly be done," replied the other.

"That is what we must have a purchaser ready, your Highness," remarked Pere Dominique, the chief of the Russian secret service, in-stance," said Ivan, smiling. "In fact, the very thing! You might to-morrow—you can all goes well—mention to Madame Variville that Pere Dominique, connected with a convent in Cuba, could take the negress there, have her for life as a nun, and thereby be as a fit place wherein she should be led to repent of her crimes. Then, in a private interview with the Madame, and I doubt not that I, after your Highness' praiseworthy efforts, will succeed in getting the negress in my care, and in the secret and horrible manner you desire. But have no fears, all may be labor lost. What if, after all your trouble, waste of time and expense, we find that the negress can give us, even if she will, little or no information of 'The Cross'?"

"Mercita is not a negress," said Adraste Scipian.

"Ah!" ejaculated Ivan, staring at the other.

"To think that neither of us have ever even suspected that Mercita might be a white person, Count?"

"Count! A white woman! You have dis-covered that she is a white woman? Or did Madame Variville tell you that?"

Madame Variville does not know, I suspect that Mercita is not a negress. During all this time, since the first attempt upon Variville Massieu, I did not gain, or even get a close view of Mercita's face. If I got that, I instantly detected that the pretended negress was a white woman."

"Indeed," said Ivan.

"Indeed," said Perez, the recumbent and listening Perez. "Did I not suspect that?"

"And I recognized that the pretended negress was a true friend of 'The Cross,' who caused Adraste Scipian, delighted to hear that the negress is dead."

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to utter a word for hours. Madame Varfville and Adrian Dudley—who have full confidence in me—will leave Mercita in my care at she but, for the night. Joseph and Juan will cause that, if time be given them, they will have another servant of the house-hold, or of the Varfville plantation, at the hut on the next day, to confront Mercita, as a witness that she stole the vial. Madame and young Monsieur will then agree to defer the trial until Joseph shall go and find that pretended witness. And when Madame and Monsieur return on the next day, they will find the hut empty. You and I and old Juan and The Crow will be gone—miles below on the river. You, Juan, will remember the name of the steamer that you spoke yesterday. You will embark in that with our prize, whether she be dead or alive. See that our disguises as English travelers are all ready. Joseph can take them to the hut, where we will put them on when sure of our prize. When she is our prisoner, we can soon learn whether her child is living or not, and if living, where."

More conversation concerning their intended movements followed after this betrayal of Mercita's business. From some of her remarks, it was believed she now regarded the Russians were innocent.

The Russians were ignorant of the fact that Perez had overheard that conversation which had passed between them, on the previous day, when he pretended to be asleep, and had informed his Black Mercita that "Monsieur Raymundo" so hated by him, and even warned him not to have any dealings with that questioned her.

"When she is aboard our vessel, Joseph," said Adrastie Sojiun, who continued to call Perez Joseph, "we will make her our first consideration. Be careful not to permit her to escape. Remember that if she escapes, or command you to make yourself known to her. Your revenge will be all the sweeter to you for the delay."

"Bishios! That is true" replied Perez, his eyes gleaming with fiendish joy.

Having received his instructions as to how he and old Juan were to act, Perez departed for the hut.

"And do you really intend to resign the Princess to that ferocious brute?" asked Ivan, when Perez had left the house.

"Why, no, my dear fair and beautiful pet," replied Adrastie Sojiun. "Seeing that I would resign the Princess to the most poisonously inbred, to that hideous man tiger! My vengeance must first be gratified by her humiliation, Ivan. We must learn too, whether her child—be after her to the heir of Ivan Antonovitch—is still living. To torture her with terror, we will threaten to put her to death the vengeance of this horrible wretch whom she ruined and remorselessly left to marry one of the nation. As for him, when we shall have learned all from her, he shall die."

Before the day was over, he had purchased a schooner which had been for sale for several days, and hired a crew of ten or twelve men, all of whom were fellows of the basest character, and not likely to be pleased with the plans of the two Russians.

A captain to command, the crew, and to take charge of the vessel, was also hired; and after nightfall the craft dropped down two or three miles below the city, to a spot where the two Russians and Ivan could be taken aboard on the day after the morrow.

Those preparations had others were made rapidly and with ease by Ivan, who was well freely, and who was a man of vigorous energy in the service of the Czarina of Russia.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOJIUN SEIZES HIS PREY.

On the early following day, the precautions made for her capture and destruction, Mercita was told by Madame Varfville that she would not accompany her on a ride which she was about to take; and that her hour of rising in the morning, Madame Varfville, Adrian Dudley and Mercita set forth upon the pleasure ride, which was to end with something unanticipated by the latter.

Madame Varfville and Adrian had taken care not to alarm the suspicions of the poor, credulous woman by word or act.

Mercita, mounted on a mule had no knowledge whether they would ride out to go, but supposed that her mistress was about to proceed upon one of those rides in which she sometimes indulged, to visit one of her plantations.

Adrian Dudley, well mounted, as was Madame Varfville, rode by the side of the latter, a little in advance of Mercita, in order to be more all processing at that slow pace which was delighted the ennui of Madame Varfville.

At length, however, the latter said to Mercita:

"It is a very beautiful day, and I wish to visit a place in the swamp.

"In the swamp, Madame?"

"Why not? Monsieur Adrian tells me the road is good to where two or three strange negroes have made an island for themselves in an old hut which stands upon my land. Have you ever been there?"

Madame Varfville asked the question with a view to ascertain if Mercita had ever been to the cave first upon the day of Madame's arrival.

"No, Madame," replied Mercita calmly, "not that I am aware. Madame does not mention any particular hut."

"Ah! But we have at some time visited some hut in the swamp?" asked Madame Varfville, with assumed carelessness.

Adrian Dudley may have betrayed me," thought Mercita, "and I must be careful. Yes, Madame," she added aloud, "some years ago I did go on a ramble to the swamp, and to once there a log hut in which lived an old negro and his wife. Is that the hut?" and here she watched as she spoke.

"It is the same, I suppose. You have not been there recently?"

"No, Madame."

Madame Varfville rode on with Adrian.

She does not deny that she has visited the hut, Adrian," she said to the latter, not unheard by Mercita.

She may suspect that I have told you that which I indirectly promised her I would not reveal, mother."

That is possible. Her denial that she has been there to-day would seem to be very firm. I fear she is innocent, mother?"

Grand Ciel! that I must say that, my son. But rather would I find this woman guilty, than live on a dread of the Spirit of Love."

The two conversed until the path through the swamp became too narrow for them to ride abreast.

Then the party proceeded with Adrian in advance, until all disbanded suddenly upon the cleared space before the hut.

The door of the hut was closed, and no one was within.

"We will disappoint you, Adrian, who then assisted Madame Varfville to alight.

Mercita sprang to the ground, in great suspicions as ever, and there. She had never visited the hut when in the first search for the blue and red ribbon, and somewhere on the front frame of the Varfville house. Fully a year had passed since she had seen one of those signals of her lover's fidelity displayed, and yet not a fear had gone by for some months that had not seen her the capture of every morning for the secret signal.

Adrian fastened the two animals to the rude horse-rack which had been made by Juan and Perez for the use of Adrasta Sojiun, and then said:

"Well, mother, no one seems to be here; but let us enter the hut."

The unlatched door swerved very loud; and they were scarcely spoken when the door of the hut was thrown wide open, and Mercita beheld Juan, Perez and Adrastie Sojiun come forth.

She did not know the two first. She shuddered at the sight of Adrastie Sojiun.

The latter bowed low to Madame Varfville and to Adrian.

To the amazement of Mercita, old Juan gave her a sly nod of recognition, and so did Perez, as if they desired to recognize her names by the others.

Madame perceives. Monsieur perceives," said Adrastie Sojiun, bowing.

"Well," said Madame Varfville, who had no idea that anything was wrong, "what means this. "Oh! man."

"At de action ob de great baby," replied Juan, who had received his orders from his master before.

"I saw you not to this woman. Is she the negress who came here a few nights ago for something? Do not lie, old man.

"Nebber! Lie to de massa! Nebber! Nebber! De colored hidalgo above dat low heaven, he know dat!"

Mercita was now visibly terrified, and trembling. She was entirely perplexed in June the same old negro whom she had seen in the deserted house in Havana, twelve years before. She recognized his peculiar features and especially the great scar on his bald forehead, which was the only mark of identification she had noticed in the protected Pocondo on the way in Havana.

"Ha! Mercita, have you ever seen this old man before?" demanded Adrian Dudley.

She cannot speak for terror," said Madame Varfville.

"Many Madame!" remarked old Juan. "Mercita can't deny dat she visited dis hut many times, in de past year."

And with Joseph, who used to belong to Captain Sandy Gordon, and who has gone back to Russian, and in his natural years, a voice which caused Mercita Varfville until that moment.

Mercita, already terrified by recognizing Juan, now hearing the name of Sandy Perez Joseph, was overwhelmed by a voice which, that of the man who years before had thrown his arms around her and pressed her lips to his, rendered her speechless

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

LIFE'S OUTLOOK.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"An outlook into life!" he not deceived,
Oh, yvenne and bourjan that he never grieved;
That never yet a sweet, bright dream had
dreamed,
That was not by thy reasoning all it seemed.

Life's peaceful looks to thee on even yvell,
Morning with bloom, and noontime and yvell
Are all alike to thee, for thou hast yvell
And midnight starting down green hallowed hills.

The snares and pitfalls are all out of sight;
My tempting soul would ask, "And is this
right?"
While sense fair yvorth from Pleasure's fount
could drink,
Love and himself, he stands on ruin's brink!

The deepest pit is veiled by sweetest flowers,
And yvhere the serpent lies the fairest bowers.
And yet in life my questioning soul would know
Good, knowing all things, pleasants for the best.

If truth hopes by seeking what is right to find,
Hope would be lost, and life a thing accursed;
Glad but that now earth's many prizes borne
Would shrink to-day, and sizes the goal to-morrow.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE SCARLET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DESPAIR OF MACON AND MRS. BLAKE.

We must now go back to the time when the girl who had been stripped of her birthright, and left to the tender mercies of those who were so deeply interested in keeping her in the half-idiotic state in which she was left.

When that letter of Hester's came, in which she made known the discovery of Estelle Landry's marriage with Raymond De Lorme, Macon was in the library of his house, attended by Harvey Mayo, or Mrs. Blake. They went both give up the creature they so bitterly cursed, or see all their subtle scheme come to naught.

Here Mrs. Blake heralded her own folly—how Macon cursed himself for having taken part in the deep iniquity, it is needless to relate. The first scene between them was a fierce one, in which each accused the other of cause to think that they must act in concert, or all would be lost.

Amid all her love for her daughter, Mrs. Blake was not forgetful of herself, and this proposal of Hester to receive her as a disguised dependent, and conceal her identity from the husband she meant to betray, was extremely distasteful to her. In his boyhood, Macon had been her slave in many a wicked act, but she considered that even then he was the keen-sighted and observant, and she felt certain that he would penetrate any disguise she might assume. There would be danger every day and every hour, and she declared that she could not, and would not live such a life as must be hers under such conditions.

Neither would she consent to give up the field she had won, and the scene to her own brilliant destiny that seemed almost within her grasp, for the sake of a daughter who had been disobedient, and had a selfishness for them both than Raymond could afford them, and the second she considered this the better for them all.

Macon was equally resolved that he would not be made the sport of this woman for whom he was willing to sacrifice all that should have been dear to a man of honorable feeling, and he declared that he would not be a party to any deception that would bring him or her one step nearer to the object of their desires. But she did not love him the less—sighted and observant, and she felt certain that he would penetrate any disguise she might assume. There would be danger every day and every hour, and she declared that she could not, and would not live such a life as must be hers under such conditions.

Neither would she consent to give up the field she had won, and the scene to her own brilliant destiny that seemed almost within her grasp, for the sake of a daughter who had been disobedient, and had a selfishness for them both than Raymond could afford them, and the second she considered this the better for them all.

Macon was equally resolved that he would not be made the sport of this woman for whom he was willing to sacrifice all that should have been dear to a man of honorable feeling, and he declared that he would not be a party to any deception that would bring him or her one step nearer to the object of their desires. But she did not love him the less—began to comprehend, and force jealousy was aroused toward that man she seemed so willing to accept as her husband, although he was a handsome, fascinating, intelligent, and accomplished man, and one who was ready to accept the thing he had hitherto valued to make her his own—he had been in love to a degree that could not be broken—that would give him the mastery of her fate.

Late in the evening he sat in Mrs. Blake's little parlor, gazing in fits and thinking over the contents of the two letters written a few weeks apart, but which, by some accident in the mails, had both arrived on the same day. One was from Hester, full of false professions of duty, the second full of the secret marriage, and offered him a bribe to allow the writer to consummate her wicked plans without interference. Yet even while moving to him those base words for his own profession, she coolly intimated that she expected from him much more as would legalize the marriage she intended to make: legalize it by putting Estelle in the way of receiving her own property at once. *He* must use his best with the court to give her a lawful right to the position of Raymond De Lorme's wife. She would be sworn a deep oath to himself to claim her for his wife, and make her his claim, at any cost to her or to himself.

Macon had thought deeply on the complicated position in which they were all placed, but he finally settled on no course as necessary, and he had come to Mrs. Blake's cottage to-night to tell her that she must take active steps to recover the daughter and secure her fortune for her family and friends.

While waiting for Mrs. Blake's appearance, he paced the floor impatiently; for, having settled his plans, he was anxious to communicate them to his co-worker, and then put them into execution as speedily as possible.

At length Mrs. Blake came in, carrying a lamp in her hand, and in the light thrown on her face Macon saw a weary, suffering look that startled his own anxiety. She looked ten years older than she had been on that same night when she revealed her past life to her daughter; her black hair was already streaked with gray, and her face had a worn and weary appearance, as if the last fifty hours she had exhausted all her powers of endurance.

The question was long and bitter, and Macon declared that Hester should be his wife, whatever might be the result of it. Blake was glad of this, for if Hester should marry Raymond de Lorme, she could never hope to marry whereas if she married Macon, her home with her mother would be assured. They would appropriate the thirty thousand dollars already realized on by Hester, and with the possession of the Landry diamonds, worth another thirty thousand, they could live very well on the estate, and then all go to Europe. Macon tells was to be restored to health; and it was supposed that her gratitude to Hester for saving her life would be sufficient to ward off any interest or unsuccessful the disposition of her estate.

Macon was to rent a house in the outskirts of New York, of his friend Estelle, in which Mrs. Blake was to receive Estelle, Mrs. Mallet, Mrs. Mallet, Mrs. Mallet, Mrs. Mallet, and then remain till Macon could go to Louisiana, and elope with Hester and as much of Estelle's property as they could manage to carry off with them.

Mrs. Blake had, under solitude:

"But what are we to do with Estelle Landry when her child begins to die?" She will insist on being restored at once to her friends, and Macon and Hester be safe, and I am ready to join you, that could not be done.

"Why not?" he asked. "It is necessary to be treated with every degree of consideration that is consistent with her safe-keeping; but until a return from Louisiana with Hester as my companion, you are to play the part of jailer to her, and allow her to communicate with no one except Mrs. Mallet. As long as that woman is alive to her interest to keep her prisoner safe, she will not fail to do so; and when we are after here a larger letter we can manage all possibilities we make when we have no idea of 'counting them,' and Macon laughed melancholy.

Had he known who overheard that laugh, and the words that preceded it, the speaker would have covered before the danger he had himself evoked. He sat at the side of the fireplace, near the window at which Mrs. Mallet had once before listened. Anticipating this interview, she had prepared the means of hearing all that passed between the two, and had taken her station there. She had made a small fissure in the curtain, at a point of glass in the corner of the window, and left the shutter unfastened, that she might open it softly when the time for action came. The curtain was carefully looped back in such a manner as to conceal the broken pane, and a small wad of paper was thrust through the aperture till she was ready to use it.

With a dark cloak carefully secured over the crouched beneath the window, Mrs. Mallet had awaited the conversation. Her rage, when she discovered the treachery intended to involve herself, was vehement; but she wisely restrained her feelings, and crept back into the house, determined to checkmate the plotters at all hazards.

After Macon was gone, Mrs. Blake sat staring blankly in the fire-light, and that grim old she had plotted, planned and baited through years of her life; she who had dragged down into low dangerous evil, young and dazzled creatures, in order to ensnare her; and what was the result? She must work her work—must restore the child of her rival to her own, or lose forever that which was dearer to her—well than all things else on earth.

What had gained? Money, that was embezzled, when it might have been freely given, if the assistance of Estelle Landry and his daughter had been offered in good faith. Hester would have been her sister's devoted friend, and that tyro would have shrunk. She had triumphed over him then, but now he had deceived—overtaken her, and she felt almost as if described her God and man in her desolation.

The bitterness of death was in the thought that the daughter she had so long considered a thing, was really and willing to give her up for another, and that another was to receive by her plan of keeping her near her would prove her most dangerous foe.

She arose at last, and left the room, and went to her own room. There a bright fire burned, and the employed herself in writing till a late hour of the night, but her penciled appeal was faithful never to reach the hands for which it was designed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MRS. MALLET'S CONFESSION.

Mrs. Blake passed a wretched night, and in the morning Mrs. Mallet, the physician of the room, she declared herself unable to rise for breakfast.

"You can have a cup of tea and a piece of toast and an hour or two I shall feel better," she said. "I have a long ride to take this day, and I must make an effort to get up and begin to pack if I am to leave to-morrow," she added.

"Are we going immediately, ma'am? If we are, I must go to the village to see about some of my things."

Mrs. Blake fixed her eyes sharply upon her face.

"What can you want to do after there, that your husband cannot attend to? You are too much given to gossip, Mrs. Mallet, and I hardly think it safe for you to go where you will be questioned by every one you meet."

The manner of the woman was perfectly respectful, though her heart was rankling with indignation at the tone and manner of the depreciating speech.

"I hope you won't object to my going to Mrs. Landry's, ma'am, for I have really got something to do there that Hans can't settle if he tried every day in the week. He is such a he's stupid, you know, and this is a thing that must be attended to. I am sure you don't wish me to be afraid of my thinking, ma'am, for I have been with you so long, I got so much interested in your affairs that I would say anything to put it in danger. I'm too sharp to be caught, you know, ma'am, and I'm attending to other people's."

Mrs. Blake looked keenly, and nearly startled.

"I suppose it will be of no use for me to repeat the permission you have given, Mrs. Mallet, that you intend to go, let me say what I please, and you will not be obeyed, and I shall need your assistance to-day."

"I must go, at least, ma'am; but I'll hurry back, and make up for lost time by working later than usual, and you shall not keep our secret. If I missed at it here, I'd have no body's secret to keep, and I'm not my own counsel. You've got a better writing, I know, ma'am, than I have, and you can do it much better than I could write myself."

Mrs. Blake's head was left upon her hand by a closed envelope, addressed to Mrs. Caroline Lindsey, New York, in the care of Estelle Hinton, Esq. The blank envelope within contained the sealed letter the married Estelle Hinton was to direct and forward to its destination. She knew Mrs. Mallet suspected that it was not aware of the reasons for secrecy in the marriage between Raymond De Lorme and Estelle Landry, and Hinton

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ONE OF THE HANDS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"One of the hands" went through the archway,
Clank with the iron and clang of the tire,
One of the "hands" at Barr & Barter,
Out of the sun into the shade;
Strength in the nervous active fingers,
Strength in the living thews of steel,
Through muscle-cords, for Strength and Labor,
Through muscle-cords o'er sinew and wheel.

Only "a hand" to Barr & Barter,
Value affixed in pounds and pence;
One figure in the count financial,
One item in the week's expense;
A bit sent loud, up in the Station,
Where the "hands" are mustered and mailed;
Again in mercy dismissed beyond
He walked, a careless, happy child;

Dismissed into the shadow
Out of Earth's smoking caverns
Straight to a clank of useless horror
That crouched within a waiting door
Where Death, the Reaper, stood and watched
Leaped from its bound, and tore its hands;
Smote, like a human slave revengeful,
One of its pulsers of the world.

Now mourn above the chatty coffin,
And Barr & Barter said, "Accursed
Quite dreadful! It was English Jimmy,
Or Irish Mike, or Dutch Hans, I said."
Across the sea an English husband
Treasures a sunny lock of hair,
A slender ring and little Bible,
With kiss and tear and rev'rent care.

Through the old land-and-sea observance
Go and vow, graves are fixed apart,
Where Love may pray for the dear dust,
The bird-like bliss set to the heart.
And through the busy city's clamour,
She reads how One in mine "was dead,"
On earth wrought daily honest labor,
And won't forget a working "hand."

TOM'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS

"Did you ever hear of my oriental adventure?" said Tom, striking himself upon the counting-house desk.

"Your oriental adventure?" asked Ned, amazed.

"Well, it's worth hearing," said Tom, "if it did happen to me. It was when I was in Demascus, on a mission to the Turkish pasha, a party, a boy of my own age, as well as myself, and a cousin of the pasha's."

"I should say so," said Ned, sarcastically.

"When you belonged to a diplomatic party, and were in Damascus. Fee—well!"

"I was in a bazaar," said Tom. "English, you always insist beasts are when they are in Damascus."

"Bah!" said Tom, "do they?"

"I had bought cigar cases and smoking caps and tobacco bags, and all sorts of things," said Tom. "I had slippers and scarfs and a shawl for my mother, and a garnetat of rubies and gold thread of which I shall take the tassie. And I was buying a pipe of oriental style, with a long stem, and a veiled bottle for the smoke to pass through, when a boy came in. He was a boy of my own age, and had a lady pointed nose, and sparkled down before the shop of a young jewel merchant, for the purpose of examining his bracelets.

"Only the eyes of this figure were visible, but they were blacker and more beautiful than those any heroine of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and they lit up me face, to my little fellow, and looked through me heart to which it was happily so insensible.

"Behind the figure stood a lady, veiled carefully person of an old female servant. Some gray hair straggled over the veiled forehead, and the tall even revealed the upper part of her high nose. She was the guardian of the young beauty probably. That it was a young beauty this bell would the silken ball soon I had no doubt. It was like an oriental romance.

"The jewel merchant was busy with his wares. The ingoings of bubble-bubbles with the smoke of tobacco. But the sight of the woman saw the beauty make me a little sign with her exquisite hand, and at the did it. The sign seemed to say, 'Wait.' I waited.

"What I waited for I don't know. I understood the customs of the country well enough to know that I could not speak to her. I dismissed to be addressed by her in the open street; but I understood young women well enough to know that something was in store for me in the way of an adventure. My experience of romance is not large.

"No Englishman's is. I nodded a 'Yes.' It suffices. As she went away, guarded by her old attendant, she repeated the motion.

"Wait, I said again.

"Yes,' replied my nod.

"I saw her turn the house close at hand, open to the street, like a London shop. There, with my hubble-bubbles in my hand, I squatted on a cushion, and sipped and smoked. I also eat something. It may have been the conserve of pomegranate blossoms, pepper, of which we read in the Arabian Nights. It was exciting; it inflamed the palate. It left behind a delicious taste and fragrance. It was oriental to the last degree.

"Near me, and smoking something stronger than tobacco, sat a young native. I spoke to him, by and by, into a strange sort of sleepy his eyes half open, his hands dropped on their backs, half dead, against the cushion whereon he pipe still between his lips.

"Within the outside shop, a story-taller threw down a little flat basket for contributions, and began his narrative with, 'In the name of Allah.'

"I was about the guilt; but I had little comprehension of the Arabic, my knowledge of the language being so poor.

"In its midst I saw a figure pass—perhaps make a sign to me.

"I was the old woman, the servant of my mysterious beauty. I flung a coin to the storyteller, and followed her.

She went on for a long while, until I began to think that I had lost her. I spoke to me I had an idea she must vanish in a shadow of the black white-plaster walls of a house in quiet part of the city, and emerge from it down a long way of gray hair, took from it a letter—a little crooked thing written on bright paper, and drenched with perfume.

"I took it open. It was written in good English.

"'A little English lesson,' he began. 'My mother she English. Most beautiful! I wait for you.

"When she said 'most beautiful,' did she mean herself or her mother?

"Yes,' said Tom, 'of course.'

"What do the gentlemen look like there?' asked Dick.

"Where shall I go?' I asked of the old woman.

She beckoned. Again I followed. We walked on, she going before. I following, until all she passed before a white-plastered wall, in which was a narrow door. Unlocking this, she motioned me to enter, and almost trembling with delight, I found myself in a garden, in after me had noted well the place.

I found myself in the most beautiful garden you can imagine. Flowers of the most exquisite odours of the most brilliant colors were in the midst of a fountain and urns that surrounded it. Beyond it was a rose arbor. Owing to all my commands and tions, I entered the door of this fragrant retreat.

"On the instant, two figures sprang to rest about my neck, and a voice like that of the nightingale softly breathed those words:

"'Oh, how long I have waited for you,'oy my soul!'

It was the girl whom I had seen at the theater, in whose her eyes and her hands at once, and I knew also that I had met my fate. I felt that in the instant as well as she seemed to feel it.

"Bother," said Dick.

"I can't make you understand that delicious emotion," said Tom, sighing. "There we sat together, talking like lovers who had been parted for years. She slipped a ring upon my finger. I gave her one from mine. I vowed to bear her away to the land where lovers were not the slaves they were there, and she promised to meet me at the little garden door at midnight, when, in disguise, I would convey her to a place of safety, pending the negotiations of our consul, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and money for that very night.

"Going it fast," said Dick.

Tom sighed.

"Suddenly, as we sat there," said he, "the old woman rushed into the arbor. She whispered a word to my beautiful lady-love, who wrung her hands in misery.

"'Fly for your life!' she said.

"'Allah protect my life, I will meet you at the gate at midnight. If not, adieu until we meet in Paradise.'

Then the old woman seized me by the arm, hurried me to the gate, pushed me out, and closed it behind me.

"I was bewildered. I saw my love no more. I sat bewildered upon a rough stone bench. It had been like a story of the Arabian Nights thus far. How would it end? I knew not.

"Don't ask me what I did with myself during the remaining hours of the day. I know nothing of time.

"At midnight I sat upon the stone bench again, clad in a native costume, armed, and with a pistol hidden beneath it. I had resolved rather to die than to allow her to be torn from me. It was love at first sight that

I felt, but yours could not have made it stronger.

"I waited. The moon arose round and yellow. The stars twinkled. I saw my love no more. I sat in the moonlight, and my head fell. My head uttered a shrill cry. A dog barked. I started from my waking, and looked behind me, back into the shadow. They were not the steps of women. As I listened the gate opened, and four black slaves, bearing a burden, emerged therefrom. The moonlight fell upon them, I saw that they held the sides of a litter.

"Within it lay the form of the veiled. As I watched them, dreading I knew not what, the litter was brought to the ground, and rushed out of the garden, and wringing her hands, pointed after them.

"'What has happened?' I shrieked.

"She knew little any but a little more, the counterpart of the one I had received that day.

"'I love it open and read these words to me.

"'Adieu! the Caliph has discovered all. I was to wife. Behold a fate of an unfaithful wife. My head is to be sewed up in a bag of lime, and cast into the river. Adieu, adieu. No Englishman's is. I nodded a 'Yes.' It suffices. As she went away, guarded by her old attendant, she repeated the motion.

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O'CONNELL'S WIFE.

Lately we found in the scrap-book of an aged widow and mother—pasted among her choicest treasures—the following touching tribute to O'Connell's wife. It is a sketch of a dinner given him at Newcastle, his wife not being present. The toast had been proposed in complimentary terms to the wife of a great and good man; and I thought, as I read it, how blessed is the woman whose leading men have true and loving words.

What grander sphere can woman claim than this? What nobler title to a woman's worth than a tribute like this from the chief?

"Ah!" said one, with a sigh, "I shall not sit at the gate at midnight. If not, adieu until we meet in Paradise.

Then the old woman seized me by the arm, hurried me to the gate, pushed me out, and closed it behind me.

"I was bewildered. I saw my love no more. I sat bewildered upon a rough stone bench. It had been like a story of the Arabian Nights thus far. How would it end? I knew not.

"Don't ask me what I did with myself during the remaining hours of the day. I know nothing of time.

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"'Adieu! the Caliph has discovered all. I was to wife. Behold a fate of an unfaithful wife. My head is to be sewed up in a bag of lime, and cast into the river. Adieu, adieu. No Englishman's is.

"With a wild shriek I rushed after the retreating slaves, and overtook them.

"'Eh?' said Ned; 'awoke?'

"Not at all," said Tom. "That was when I was down with that bad fever three years ago, and had to be sent home. I was not awake. I was dead, and my black haired angel, like Orpheus, was to be sleep with the 'Hewadi in Syria,' and out of them all, I was the only one who ever disturbed the pleasant monotony of the tale by a single question. I was dead, and a pretty beautiful and an exquisite book, my mother was born."

TOO MUCH FOR MIDGET.

Tinkins, Taylor, and Midget were a convivial trio. They were married men, and yet had spent many an hour together during the years, than leaving undone duties which ought to have been performed. Midget was one of those things which ought never to have been done. He was lively, witty, and full of anecdote, and Jimpkin's haven until very near to midnight, and Midget was the life of the party. He was the one who proposed a game of whist, and was once touching the payment of the bill for the evening's entertainment.

"Hole-o," said Tinkins. "Let's be ill'y-morrow. I'm dead broke, and can't afford to turn to fail us to do some onaccountable thing, and if any of us attempt to leave the first thing his wife tells him to do after he gets home is to go for the doctor, and he will tell for all of us.

"All right," said he, "I had a tough one, but I did it. It was dark as pitch in the house when I got home, and I knew that my wife was awake, because I could hear her moving about the stove, and knocked the tea-kettle off onto the floor. That started my wife, and she called to me,—'Say, you fool, fix your tea cooking-stove, and close with it.' No sooner said than done. I gave the old thing a biz, and over it went—and I didn't say my wife awoke out of bed! But I did it."

Midget had his own experience:

"Good for you," said he, "but I'm even with you, though it wasn't quite so tough. When I got home I had to go into the house through the battery window, as usual, and after getting on the floor, I started to make the clatter among the tin pans. If my wife had been asleep she would have awoke, but she only called out, at the top of her voice, 'Who's there?' I said nothing, but kept on with the pots. I said that once, and I'd get the order, 'Get out of the house, you drunken sot!